RHODA ROLAND. ing makes a fellow hungry. Let's see what you got for me."

A Woman from the West in Washington.

The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. S. SUTTON.

PARTICIPANTS.

the old home.

MRS, GRANT, with "Apartments to Let."

VIOLETTA-Who the d-l is Violetta?

RHODA ROLAND-"All roads leads to OLGA Members of the Group o' Six. Rome"—and office.
M. B. PLEASANTON, one of the Magnates

of Silk Stocking Row.
ORRIN STIVERS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.
TOM BAXTER, bred in "Bohemia" and never

MRS. EDENWORTH, room-mate of Rhoda.

JUDGE BARNSTABLE, M. C., 'twixt devil

CHAPTER I.

OUR HATES ARE STRONGER THAN OUR LOVES. end of the bailiwick, so I made a dummy letter. You can make me, say, thirty copies of it. I have left the date and ad-Ring up the curtain, the puppets are on:

Ring down the curtain, the puppets have dress blank, with a few other blanks here and there. I will thus have them

I found myself, at the period of my existence in which this story opens, by the sudden death of my husband, alone, save the presence of a little lass of 5; not only him a dozen letters. I find. Between you have a but really down to do bettle for a and me, ewing to a combination of circumstance. alone, but called on to do battle for a livelihood for myself and little one. I was bred, schooled, and married in a pretentious countyseat over in the West. How far over? Well, it was west of that historic spet where Keokuk, standing upon the brink of the Father of Waters and pointing to its bosom, threw down him a dozen letters, I find. Between you alone with a dozen letters, I find. Between you alone with a dozen letters, I find. Between you alone with a lower pointing to a combination of circumstances, the upper corner of these counties are 'the enemy's country.' I am going to make one, possibly two, speeches in this town before the close of the campaign I always stop with the Colonel when I am in the vicinity. In playing football you put your strongest men nearest the other fellow's goal. I suppose I ought to profit by

and pointing to its bosom, threw down to the veteran soldiery his famous defi:
"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!"
"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" And so well, I call to mind, did he keep population, largely dictates the nomination of Congressmen, the selection of And so well, I call to mind, did he keep his word that for a quarter of a century the trained fighters from the Dark and Bloody Ground against a solid phalanx broke and beat and broke, even as the waves of the sea break and beat and broke, even as the waves of the sea break and beat and broke, even as the waves of the sea break and beat and broke, even as the waves of the sea break and beat and break on the white chalk

st the waves of the sea break and beat and beat and beat and beat and break on the white chalk cliffs off Albion's shore.

After Boone and Kenton and Harrod had ploughed corn with the rifle, after the council fires had gone out in the region round about the Miami, the Muskingum and the Male stard fempire wended its way to the West, and the Valley of the Mississippi was born. And while the red man and the white struggled for the mastery, the pioneer planted the hamlet in which I, some years later, first saw the light of the day. Here I lived—with occasional trips to Chicago and St. Louis—uneventially so long that it would be impossible for me to disguise the fact, should I feel so disposed, that I was fast approaching the thirty-year line.

I must at once, I realized, take of my talents an inventory—such I believe they call it in commercial circles. In my school days I had taken kindly to the study of shorthand, and lost no time in selecting a vocation—that of a stenographer. After a brief course with a local "professor" of that art, I considered my self sufficiently equipped in that direction to enter the "arena of the world," as the girl graduate puts it in her essay.

My first position was with a planing mill in our home town, the senior member of the firm asserting that he had known me since I was "knee high to a duck." I would cross to border of veracity were I to say their correspondence was extensive; so in a few months they discovered I was an article of office furniture more ornamental than useful.

they discovered I was an article of office whim. furniture more ornamental than useful, and I—well, I severed my connection with the establishment.

Tony strolled down toward our corner. Placing the papers just handed me by the Judge under the lid of the type-

Right here let me say that my limited experience with the planing-mill people told me one thing I was delighted to learn—that I knew my business. On the principle that practice makes perfect, I carried my note-book in my hand on all occasions. Hearing a bit of conversation, a number, or address given, a catch phrase and I would have it transferred to make a speech here—I expect over at the phrase, and I would have it transferred make a speech here-I expect over at the o paper by the time the speaker had completed the sentence. To this fact is due much of the devotion to detail of these crude chronicles. For instance, I am preparations for it." enabled, through this equipment, to pic ture the coming and the going of Alma, Bella, and Renee—they of the sidelight and the shadow-whom I have never met, with the same fidelity given to the individual occupying a major position in the cast of characters, and with whom I know the Judge will be, too. What have might be thrown in hourly or daily con-withy, I hid over three dozen eggs

court house-in a few weeks.'

"Can they?"

for you, you take those eggs out and bury them."

And I let down the window, I turned to the typewriter and began to

mitteemen with him, and had an all-fired

I was indeed gratified to hear that,

I next turned my attention to "The down in the cellar, and by the time he New Grand," as a gilt sign over the portal of the only hotel of which our city boasted read. This establishment, situ you masta't do anything like ated diagonally opposite the southeast corner of the courthouse square, had been supplied with annunciators, push buttons and numerous other up to date appli ances, not to mention a new coat of paint without a great deal of trepidation I walked over one morning and told Colonel Gates, who, by the way, had known Mr. Roland, my late husband, "ever since they were boys," that his new office would not be complete without a type-witter, that given his permission. I won't come any more—and I won't get any more work from him."

"Yes, but just look at the fun we're missing!"

"Tony, look me in the eye!"

"Tony, look me in the eye!"

"All right, Mrs. Roland;" and Tony writer; that, given his permission, I would invest the few remaining dollars at my disposal in such an instrument, place it in a cozy corner of the office, and proceed to operate it for the benefit of his patrons and myself. He finally said:

"Gal, I aint a going to throw any rocks at you while you are trying to make an other in front of hlm. est living The first few weeks I might say, in the are in love with them."

popular vernacular, "there was nothin' doin';" then came our tri-county fair. The hotel was crowded, and my business was proportionately brisk. I placed a neat tin sign, "Typewriting and Stenography," as close to the register as I only as close to the register as I could

Late Saturday evening I was finishing up some copying—some circulars for a gentleman introducing a patented device among the farmers—when I overheard a was a blank form for a note—he would St. Louis drummer, just outside my endeavor to see the party addressed at window, say to the darkey proprietor of his place of business on a certain date, the hotel barber shop: "Well, Uncle, to stating that his past efforts had been ap-

morrow's Sunday."
"Yes, boss," he replied, "but I'se Just as I began to write, into the office fraid ebery day will be Sunday after you folks get out of town!"
Here was a home thrust. I wondered top of his voice, addressing no one in particular to the folks got his nerve with him," he said at the top of his voice, addressing no one in particular to the folks.

if every day would be Sunday with me, ticular; "coming over here looking for too. Well, along comes court week, and court week has my permission to last nine months of the twelve. I am sorry to say it didn't, its adjourment causing a thing or two Last time he was elected to held averaged the say to district comcorresponding depression in the volume he had seven out of the eight district com business I was doing.

Early one morning—I had hardly untied my hat strings—a gentleman walked over from the office desk and took the chair reserved for my customers.

hard time to pull through. This year he can't count on two men out of the whole shooting match that would turn their hand over for him. He's up against it,

chair reserved for my customers.

"I got in late last night," he began.

"I noticed your sign, and the Colonel"—
throwing his thumb in the direction of the head of the house—"said you were all right. I made some copies"—taking a batch of papers from his inside coat packed of the copy of the Judge's letter. I hastly turned the machine back and tucked the offending sheet into "My name is Barnstable—Judge Barn stable. I'm the member of Congress

from this district. And yours?"

'Mrs. Roland," I replied.

"As I was saying," he continued. "I knew I had quite a bit of hard work in pearance.

About the time everybody was leaving the dining-room on the conclusion of their evening meal the Judge put in an appearance.

'That's very nice," he said, on inspection. "Now, I'll dictate one letter, and then you come in the dining room and get something to eat. I know you haven't been to your supper. While we are eating I will tell you of some other matters, and we will kill two birds with one stone.

Get out your note-book."

"To save time," I replied, "perhaps I bet'er take the dicta ion on the type writer direct, and not have double work translating my notes. You will find I can keep up with you very readily."

A brief letter was soon finished, and as

A brief letter was soon mished, and as I was locking up the typewriter for the night he continued: "I must say you possess an accomplishment I have yet to meet in even my Washington experience;" and he led the way into the dining-room, AIDA LYBRAND, palmist, a bird of passage. TONY LENTZ, a boyhood friend back in now almost deserted.

As one of the girls came forward to take our order, I noticed a grouping of colored ribb ins in her hair and a great fluffy bow of black lace at the throat.

"Jessie," I exclaimed, as the Judge looked over the bill of fare, "you are all dressed up; what's the occasion?" DENNIE GRANT, a typical Washington boy,

"Our Sunday-school gives a lawn party to-night. It looks like everybody comes in late, just because I wanted to get off hand for the next few weeks over at the

order," and I told him of the lawn party

"Mrs. Roland tells me," said the Judge on her return, "there is a little affair on your programme this evening, the success of which largely depends upon your efforts. I am sorry I was detained. We will endeavor to finish our supper without

"Thank you, sir," she said, and as she started away I called:
"Jessie, this is Judge Barnstable, the Congressman from this district, and if you can say a good word in his behalf

Yes, ma'am, I'll remember."

trust everybody; besides, he might be a sweetheart of hers, for all I knew.

'Just one moment,' said the Judge to Jessie, as she finished serving the meal.

'What is the name of your society—the one giving the entertainment?'

'It's the teachers of the Sunday school. "It's the teachers of the Sunday-school giving it for the benefit of the library

Yes, I know; but what is the name

"It hasn't got any name; in fact, we haven't got any library. This party is to raise money to buy a library. Then we will name it. One of the ladies wanted to call it the Eames Library, after Mr. R. R. Eames, our superintendent, who R. Eames, our superintendent, who started this idea; but another one said until he died. So I don't think it will be called the Eames.

Taking out his pocket-book, the Judge handed Jessie a bit You can call this my contribution to the library project, and mail addressed to-what's the superintendent's name?"

"R. R. Eames."
"Will reach the library all right?"
"Yes, sir; thank you again, sir; I

"Yes, sir; thank you again, sir; I must be going now, sir."
"Good night, Jessie," I said, as she disappeared behind the swinging dowrs.
"Is that so, Judge," I sked as we proceeded to do justice to the meal before us, "that colleges and similar institutions are only named after dead people?"
"Marely custom." he responded, "and "Merely custom," he responded, "and custom is an unwritten law. A notable

instance to the contrary is found in the throughout the Union, each of which will undoubtedly be known as the Carnagie Library, and Mr. Carnagie is spared, you know, to several years of usefulness. Before I forget it I must make a mem

And he took from his pocket a note book and wrote "R. R. Eames," and under it the address, "Superintendent of Documents, Union Building, Washing

That's a bureau started a few years since, doing away with much of the red tape in the way of sending books to one's constituents. I will merely mail this gentleman a line to the effect that I want something in the way of a nucleus or skeleton for a library sent to the address given, and he will do the rest.

particularly coming from Tony. The Judge must have been mistaken; this was not entirely the enemy's country. I must make an entry in my note bock, too," said I, I had been anxious for some moments o open it out on the table, and here was

the desired opportunity.

They will flud a number of the semiscientific publications issued by Uncle Sam quite interesting," added the Judge. "I am going," I said, "with your permission, to write a little local for the Gazette, about your donation to the new Why, Tony; I'm ashamed of you; you mustn't do anything like that." library. It wont do you any harm and it may do you some good. I often send them in paragraphs in the nature of per-"Well, it isn't right, in the first place; besides, the Judge has just given me a lot of writing to do for him; I expect to

sonals and the like."
"Thanks; I will have to make you have more, and if you go throwing rotten eggs at him he'll take this town off his ress agent as well as stenographer The Judge was approaching in dangerous proximity to the truth when he said he was hungry, and I was playing a close second in in that direction, so some moments elapsed before I said :

"All right, Mrs. Roland;" and Tony straightened up, thereby adding about three inches to his height.

"At one time you were in love with How do you know?" he responded as braced himself on one leg, placing the

"Oh, girls can always tell when fellers "Well, that's no crime; what of it?"
"Nothing, only if you ever cared anying for me, or expect me to care anything

which you do not immediately grasp, I am only too glad to have you make in-

quiry in regard thereto." Another matter was this;" and I handed him a neat typewritten copy of the remarks of Sid Tilton some hours be-He read it, flushed, and asked:

"A little speech Sid Tilton made in the hotel office this morning." "How did you come with it?" "I took it down on the typewriter as

"Well, there doesn't anybody know what he said there better than I do. I do not think that I am being deceived as to the situation. Had any other man in the county gave utterance to such expressions, I would have had somebody friendto my interests endeavor to reason ith him. But Tilton—no."

Why should he be so bitter?' "Some years ago, when land litigation was more frequent than it is to day, Tilton was a witness on one side of the case back and tucked the offending sheet into one of the numerous receptacles connected therewith.

About the time everybody was leaving the dining-room on the conclusion of their evening meal the Judga nut in an ever torgotten it. Our hates are stronger than our loves."

[To be continued.]

"I tell you this cold-blooded canvass- THE HOUSEKEEPERS DELIGHT.

MAKES HOUSECLEANING SO EASY. THE NEWS DEALERS

"SWEEPING" STATEMENTS

ABOUT THE

HUNTER INTERCHANGEABLE BRUSH

(DUST KILLING.)

Have you seen it yet? It is the most practical invention of the New Century. This brush does better work than the best carpet sweeper ever made. It goes into corners and behind furniture and cleans out the dark places in a most amazing manner. In a word, the HUNTER INTERCHANGEABLE After she had depirted in the direction of the kitchen, I said to the Judge: "If you want to see a glad heart, tell her she can go when she comes back with the can go when she comes back with the way, which in the ordinary brush readers it useless by a cincle contribute of the kitchen." If the ordinary brush readers it useless by a cincle contribute of the kitchen. It is perfectly simple and impossible to break or get out of order. IT HAS TWO LIVES and will outlast the finest brush ever manufactured. When after long use the bristles are forced one way, which in the ordinary brush readers it useless by a cincle contribute. way, which in the ordinary brush renders it useless, by a single contrivance the Hunter Brush can be reversed and made precisely as good as new.

It will sweep a brick sidewalk as perfectly as the most expensive velvet carpet. It will not

injure or break the pile of the carpet, as all hard brushes must do.

The Added Delight of "No Dust!"

Sweeping with the usual brush or broom means a houseful of dust which settles everywhere. It is inimical to health, and spreads the microbes of disease. With the Hunter Interchangeable Dust Killing Brush no dust arises at all. The brush sweeps everything in front of it cleanly and neatly. No There was method in my goodness, to vary the reading of the line. I did not want Jessie in ear-shot when I told the Judge what Tilton had said. You can't, its work. It misses nothing a Although by the reading of the Hunter Brush has done.

Killing Brush no dust arises at all. The brush sweeps everything in front of it cleanly and neatly. No cloth need be tied around the head when it is in use. It adds a new pleasure to housekeeping. It is not hole in the wall news stand.

E. J. Beuchert, 621 12th of the standard provided its work. its work. It misses nothing. Although but recently introduced the Hunter Brush is already highly endorsed by leading concerns, and no less than three factories are taxed to supply the demand.

USED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

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Fifty cents a Gallon.

THAT HAUNTED HOUSE.

[By an inexcusable mistake, in a first issue he following conclusion of the Ninth Street faunted House was omitted. It is here given o complete this true story.—Editor.]

About 1890, a Mr, Sanford lived in one part of the house and a Mr. Bueil in another. Mr. Sanford had a daughter ten or eleven years of age, who, one evening after dark, in going up the stairs, saw the figure of a lady coming towards her. The little girl ran towards the figure thinking it was her mother and when saw the figure of a lady coming towards her. The little girl ran towards the figure thinking it was her mother, and when she attempted to grasp her dress, the apparition melted into the air and disappeared. The child was terribly frightened at so unusual an occurrence, and screamed at the top of her voice, arousing the entire house. Nothing further was ever seen by the Sanford family, who left the place soon after.

left the place soon after.

After this, when the house stood unoccupied, as it often did, Mrs. Barker, who lived in the next house, was disturbed by a terrible rattle of windows and shutters in the deserted house, and on getting up in the morning, remarked to the neighbors that there had been a high wind during the night, and told them of

Since that time there has been a long list of tenants in succession. A family of Russian refugee were quartered in the house but recently. Their strange habits were uncongenial to the spirit visitors, who troubled them but little if any. Afterward a family named Armentrout moved into the place, and then, after remaining idle for some time, the present occupants moved in. The family is a good sized one with a number of chubby children in it, who make the air vocal with their sport and play. As one of the neighboring women put it, "I think them as is in now can scare the ghosts away if anyone kin," and a whoop of childish glee from the little ones just childish give from the little ones just then confirmed the opinion. The ghost or ghostess is a being of reg-

The gnost or ghostess is a being of reg-ular habits, evidently, for it has been, according to the veracious denizens of the neighborhood reappearing regularly in the house for fifteen years. It is as much of an entity in the 9th street quar-ters as any of the other old inhabitants who are divided as to what there is in the story just as much as the reader is on much of an entity in the 9th street quarters as any of the other old inhabitants who are divided as to what there is in the story, just as much as the reader is on the subject of ghosts generally. But that the story is vouched for by the majority of them there is no doubt. A Mrs. Benson, who has lived adjoining the haunted house for a long time, moved away ten years ago, and returning three weeks ago, once more moved into the from which the members are to be supweeks ago, once more moved into the from which the members are to be suphouse on the east. The ghostly tale was current when she left, and still as freeh when she returned. She said everyone knew of the ghost stories; that it was an object of awe to all the little boys on the

street. The tenants were constantly changing, said Mrs. Benson. "I think the high rent haunts them more than anything else," said Mrs. Benson, "and anything eise," said Mrs. Benson, "and they move because they can't lay the spirits." The reader can decide between this theory and the regulation ghost hypothesis which is held by the majority to his own listing. The object here is to give the facts and allow everyone to judge for himself.

himself.

He that delights in the philosophy of mystery can find in the 9th street ghost a wide field for study and observation. The ghosts are evidently pretty well bred people, and of a friendly disposition, so that the neighbors are rather proud of them on the whole, and fear them but little. them but little.

them but little.

Their existence is accounted for by a tradition that years ago a gentleman and his wife, who would answer to the description of the apparitions alleged to have been seen to often, inhabited the house, and long ago disappeared, no one knew where. In a large city there was no one to inquire about them. They owed no debts and had few acquaintances, and so dropped out of sight. The theory is that some mishap overcome theory is that some mishap overcome them, and hence their perturbed spirit revisits the pale glimpses of the moon.

ments elapsed before I said:

"There are one or two things, Judge, I wanted to ask you about?"

"Very good; I'll answer them if I can."

"I noticed in your conversation this morning, Judge, you used the phrase "Between you and me?"

He smiled. "You would have me say "Between you and I,' ch?" No; I think you will find the other form the correct one. Mothers, I know teach their children to use the 'I' instead of the 'me,' which is eminently proper. But in this instance the word between' being a prep sition, it calls for the objective form of the pronoun' I,' which is me.

"I trust you will overlook my igaorance and presumption."

"I can not subscribe to its being either. On the contrary, if I any time use a word or senence, the meaning or intent of the winch you do not immediately grasp, I am word to senence, the meaning or intent of the proposition of the contrary, if I any time use a word or senence, the meaning or intent of the proposition of the contrary, if I any time use a word or senence, the meaning or intent of the proposition of the contrary, if I any time use a word or senence, the meaning or intent of the proposition of the contrary, if I any time use a word or senence, the meaning or intent of the proposition of the proposition of the contrary, if I any time use a word or senence, the meaning or intent of the proposition of the p

patients as long as they are well, but as soon as they get ill his pay stops. Some American families, not disdaining to learn something from the other side of the world, have partially adopted the same plan; that is, they pay the salary whether they are sick or well; and it is, of course, to the interest of the doctor to keep them well as far as he can, to save himself the trouble of attending them. were them were as far as he can, to save himself the trouble of attending them. When the Chinese method, or the Ameri-can modification of it, comes into general practise, it will be to the interest of the physician who has charge of a family to study each member of it physically, mentally, spiritually; to prescribe for them correct environments, proper diet. them correct environments, proper diet, and healthful habits, and to labor with the view of inducing them to keep in touch with all these."

Sorrow's best antidote is employment.-Young.

edness and weakness. - Seneca. Delicacy is to the mind what fragrancy is to the fruit.—Poincelot. Contempt is the only way to triumph

ver calumny.-Mmc. de Maintenon The usual fortune of complaint is to conist and news dealer. excite contempt more than pity.-John-

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groceries and news stand. A. R. Brown, Mass. ave. & 7th st. n. e., cigars, groceries and news stand. W. A. Sharswood, 601 Mass. ave. n. e.,

cigar and news dealer. Walter Kines, Mass, ave. & 4th street

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J. B. Ballinger, 5th & C streets n. e., feed store and news dealer. L. F. Litz, 1403 H street n. e , news

A. Murphy, 49 H st. n. e., news depot. W. J. Reily, 735 N. Capital st., news dealer and pool room. W. H. Goodhart, 601 10th street n. e.,

groceries, periodicals and newspapers. J. E. Linder, 406 8th street s. e., newspapers and periodicals. W. H. Bell, 625 Penna. ave. s. e.,

eigars, notions and news dealer. W. G. Vince, 641 B street s. e., cigar and news dealer. J. A. Hunt, 335 Penna, ave. s. e., cigars, notions and news dealer.

D. M. Trembull, 307 Penna. ave. s. e., cigar and news dealer. W. O. Hammett, 153 Penna. ave. s. e.,

cigar and news dealer. Bolden Bros., 709 8th street s. e., clgars, pool room and news stand. R. E. Miller, 527 8th street s. e., cigar and news dealer.

Mrs. Patchell, 1268 41 street s. w., cigars, notions, news dealer, J. Abbott, 322 4 street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

Ed Brinkman, Penna, ave. and 4th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer. B. J. Burt, 313 7th street s w., cigars,

news dealer J. L. Stewart, 445 7th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

J. Petignat, 609 7th street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer. W. A. Smith, 704 17th street n. w. ci-

gars, news dealer. W. B. Holtzclaw, 1705 Penna. ave. n.

w., magazines, newspapers. Quigley Pharmacy, 21st and G streets Fagan Brothers, 2132 Penna. ave. n. w.

A. Lindsey, 2153 Penna. ave. n. w., periodicals, newspapers. R. B. Hodges, 1212 Penna. ave. n. w., cigars, periodicals, newspapers.

James P. Hoyne, 620 F street n. w., cigars, newsdealer. H. C. Jones, 815 East Capital street,

cigars, news stand. The Haley Drug Store, 8th and E